I GO A WHALING.

Blubber Hunting Off Snook's Arm, Coast of Newfoundland.

(Mark Sullivan in Boston Transcript.)

In the Crosbie hotel, at St. John's, a Cleveland lawyer was boasting blatantly of the seventeen-pound salmon he caught at Bay of Islands. A leather-skinned Briton matched the tale with a modest, deprecating account of a twenty-four inch brook trout caught on the "treaty coast," in a teeming little river known only to the officers of the fleet that patrols the western shore.

"Fish stories! Shucks!" said the lone policeman who patrols the 2,000-mile coast of Labrador and blesses the heaven-sent chance that brings him to St. John's with a prisoner once a year or so. "I came down past Snook's Arm last week. There's fishin' for ye! Cap'n Bull goes out in his steam whaler at sunrise and comes back before night with two—three—dead whales towin' along behind him."

And by those words, the policeman of the longest beat in the world determined the immediate two weeks of my future. Where Snook's Arm was—whether north, south, east or west—I knew not. So I left the boastful fishermen and studied the map of Newfoundland that hung on the wall. Thirty-six hours later the pathetic little narrow gauge railroad had done its part. Half the journey to Snook's Arm was behind me.

I walked down the rocky beach to a tired man who held an improvised fish line over the end of a rude wharf. I asked him when the coast steamer that carries the mail would pass on her next trip to Snook's Arm.

"Left yesterday," he said.

Apprehensively, I asked when she would make her next trip.

He spat, deliberately, meditatively, and fixed a calculating eye on the opposite shore; he spat again vigorously, decisively. "She might pass this way again nex' Thursday, but 'taos' likely she won't make another trip till Thursday week."

I groaned. I took off my hat and gazed ruefully where the scoffing Cleveland lawyer had tattoed in the gray felt, "Snook's Arm or Bust."

"And when," I asked, "does the next train go back to St. Johns?"

"Let's see," he replied. "Friday Saturday, Sunday, Monday—Monday night."

Tribulation and anguish! For me, the immediate business of the hour was to forget my troubles. I looked down at the water, so green, so clear one could see the fish swimming about, twenty feet below; I looked across the fir-fringed bay at a strip of sunny, sandy beach, and decided to take a swim.

By that happy decision I made the acquaintance of Danny's boat to row across to the sandy beach.

"You can have it after a while," said Danny, "but now I must take a load of firewood down to the 'Pearly Gates.'"

"The Pearly Gates!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Danny, "that's her, down below there, the schooner beyond the bar."

Danny seemed to realize that such a name as "The Pearly Gates" for a little black hulk of a single-masted schooner demanded explanation; and without further question he told me the story. The skipper, Danny's father, had not aforetime been a godly man. He had called his craft the Devil's Dandy, and there had been unholy doings aboard her—"dancin' and singin' and the like o' that, on Sunday," Danny confessed with awe. But two years before, the skipper, after a perilous passage around Cape Bacaloo, had joined the Salvation Army in St. Johns. In the spirit of thanksgiving and penitence he had gone down to the wharf one Sunday morning, painted out Devil's Dandy, and replaced it with Pearly Gates.

By listening to Danny's narrative with becoming modesty and attention, I learned more. The skipper was a sea peddler. It was his way to fill his forecastle with ready-made trousers and shoes, with gaudy shawls and bonnets, with sugar and tea, combs and thimbles and the cheap jewelry of the peddler's pack. With this cargo he sailed from town to town, and by dint of flattering the fisherwomen and driving sharp bargains with the fishermen, his forecastle emptied itself of the trousers and shawls, the shoes and the bonnets, and filled itself with the hard-won products of the coast, dried codfish and seal oil. As it happened, the Pearly Gates was starting on one of her trading trips next morning, and Danny's boatload of firewood was the final preparation for the voyage.

"Do you go past Snook's Arm?" I asked.

"Snook's Arm," repeated Danny. "Why, sure. We ought to be to Snook's Arm by Monday. Maybe you'd like to go 'long with us?"

Would I like to go along? Would I have joined the Golden Argosy? Was ever before such promise of romance and adventure thrust unsought into the hands of an undeserving landsman?

The formal permission was got from Danny's father, in whose hospitable heart the only difficulty was a fear that his larder was not stocked for the palate of a "gentleman."

"Be ye a parson?" said he.

I disclaimed the compliment.

"I didn't know. The Wesleyan parson at Twillingate wears specs like them o' yourn. Be ye lookin' for minerals?"

Foreseeing that I must explain myself somehow, I thought the role of itinerant geologist as good as any other, and let it go at that.

Beside Danny and his father, the only member of the crew was Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben was great-grandson to a minstrel and first cousin to a troubadour. He was the Homer of his native shore. When, in the evenings, we anchored off the fishing villages, it was Uncle Ben's "Come-all ye" songs that lured the fisher-folk aboard and opened the way for trade.

* * *

The next day I said good-bye to Uncle Ben and the crew of the Pearly Gates. They dropped me at Snook's Arm, and the following night I was sworn brother to a very different captain of a very different ship. He was a Norwegian, big and muscular, with a rare combination of weight and wiriness. His skin was tanned by the salt spray and burned by the sun of every degree of latitude where ships have ever been. He had caught whales in every sea, from the Persian gulf to Baffin's bay; and a few years ago he abandoned sail for steam. For the big, brick oven on the deck to boil the blubber, he substituted a permanent factory for refining the oil, located on the northern shore of Newfoundland. From this he steamed out to the whaling grounds each morning and back each night, rarely without a prize. For the old method of throwing the harpoon by hand from a small boat he substituted a harpoon gun in the bow of his whaler; and with these improvements conducted a business that will soon make the few surviving New Bedford sailing whalers as obsolete as wooden plows.

I lay in his spare bunk, across the narrow cabin from his own, and dropped to sleep as he finished a tale of a fight between rival crews for a dead whale in the Okhotsk sea. Only a minute later, it seemed, I bumped my head against the top of the bunk, to the quick awakening of an excited Norwegian craft cry from the top of the companionway. The captain leaped from his bunk, bounded up the steps, shouting orders as he ran. While I dressed, I could feel the quick stopping, the short advances and retreats of the engines, and I knew we were stalking game. When I reached the deck, the captain had one hand on the gun, swinging it about on its pivot. Following his eyes, I caught sight of our game. It looked like a huge, cigar-shaped piece of smooth, shiny slate-colored India rubber, rising at regular intervals so that four or five of his his diameter and forty feet of his length showed like a mound on the smooth water. With alternate rising and dipping, he was gliding smoothly forward, without apparent exertion, but with tremendous speed, and in a perfectly straight line. We were approaching him from behind, at an angle, so that his course and ours were the sides of a V.

The captain, on the raised platform in the bow, following with the mouth of his cannon the course of the whale, was the personification of alertness. The crew were grouped behind him as eager and expectant as if they had never caught a whale before. One of them touched me on the shoulder and pointed silently a mile away, where a dozen other whales were spouting fine columns of vapor. When I turned again to our whale he had risen once more, and we were within thirty feet of him. Every person on the ship was in a state of tiptoe alertness. Suddenly came the crash of the gun. I saw a hideous red zig-zag gash on the broad side of the whale; I heard the rumbling roar of the time-bomb at the point of the harpoon, exploding in the whale's vitals. On deck there was convulsive pandemonium. The captain, in the delirium of the hunter at the death of his quarry, was shrieking shrill staccato orders. The crew were leaping to their posts. Suddenly I felt the bow of the vessel give a jerk beneath me, then tremble a moment, and slowly dip.

The whale had gone straight downward. The rope attached to the harpoon shot over the bow so fast the eye could not follow; where it touched the wood a curling column of smoke arose. The windlass spun 'round like a boy's top. It hummed and buzzed with the noise of a flying locomotive. Coil after coil of rope leaped into nothingness like a magician's flower pot. Gradually, the windlass ceased to spin. The rope floated slack on the water. There was a minute of silent expectant suspense. Then, right in front of the bow, so close I could have poked my finger against the flabby blubber, up rose the giant nose—up, up, up till he towered full fifteen feet above the rail! Then he turned a somesault with a splash that drenched us all. He rose again, churning the water white, raised his tail quite twenty feet and slapped the water with a noise like a thunder clap. He turned round and round, wrapping the rope about his huge body, then shot straight forward on the surface, skipping from wave to wave like a swallow.

Again the windlass whirred and whizzed, but with diminishing speed. Far out, at the end of his two miles of rope, the whale churned and lashed the water and blew big blasts of hot vapor. The crew saw the end and relaxed their tenseness. They gave him half an hour or so to end his convulsions. Then the captain shouted the order to wind in the rope.

As the whale felt the pull, he gave one feeble, dying jump. The men stopped a minute, then continued slowly to pull in. Finally, the huge, inert, flabby body floated belly upward, just off the bow. They lowered a boat, passed a chain about the narrow circumference where the tail widens and grappled him to the side of the vessel. The captain gave a sigh and a smile of content and leaned over the side to measure with his eye the size of his prize. The crew busied themselves with loading the harpoon gun again and putting things in order.

All this was before 5 in the morning—and before breakfast. After the meal, when we came on deck again, there had risen a heavy Iceland wind. The captain sniffed it and glanced at the choppy sea. "'Twill be a bad day for the feesh," he said; and went aloft to his bridge to watch with his glasses for another "blow."

It was not for want of "fish" that we had fisherman's luck that day. But the whaler was no larger than a tugboat. The heavy sea tossed her about like a cork, and aiming a cannon with so unsteady a base as the whaler's bow was difficult business even for the expert captain. Three times he fired and missed; and as it took an hour or two to reload the gun and prepare the harpoon and bomb, it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon before we got our second prize. By then the storm had passed, the sun had come out, and the sea was calmer. The process was in all respects like the first; but there was the same frenzy of excitement aboard the ship. The one appetite that never becomes satiated, the one instinct that is never satisfied, the one experience that no amount of repetition dulls, is, it seems, the instinct to hunt and kill. In primitive man, it was the first law of his being; and, like the whale's breathing, it stays with him in a wholly changed environment.

Late in the afternoon the captain on the bridge swept the sea with his glasses, and saw no sign of a "blow." He glanced at the sinking sun and measured with his eye the twenty miles to the harbor. He dropped his glasses and gave a quiet order that meant the day's work was done. The deck was put in order; and the stocky little whaler, with her trophies grappled close to her sides, set her bow toward the mainland, just like a chubby, happy boy with a big bundle under each arm, hurrying home at the end of the day.

The captain slowly paced the bridge and puffed a long cigar in the profound content that sat so well on his sturdy, honest features, and graced so fitly the successful end of a hard day's work. I judged by what he had told me the night before, his individual share in the day's catch would be a successful lawyer's income for a week. One could not begrudge it. I had seen the waves roll as high as his lips a hundred times that day. He had been on his feet since 4 in the morning and would not find his bunk until 10 in the night. All the year round he was exiled from the companionship of his people. I wished him heartily an early and happy fulfilment of the reward of his labors, of which I doubted not, he was thinking as he paced his bridge—a modest fortune and a comfortable home among his people in some Norwegian coast town.

In a little circle on the raised hatch of the deck, the crew sat and puffed their pipes and talked—in brief sentences and long silence. I leaned over the bow and watched the graceful porpoises race and tumble and play about the vessel's prow, like nimble gamins ahead of a street procession. The sun was setting behind an iceberg, a spectacle of which no description serves save that it was like a diamond, a million times bigger than the biggest diamond that ever was, a diamond with a background setting of gold and blue and amber. On all the sea there was no sound, but the muffled, hurried beat of the homeward engines, and the gentle, slapping lap of the ripple at the bow. From the galley came the odor, sweet to the nostrils, of strong, steaming coffee, and the voice of the cook singing.

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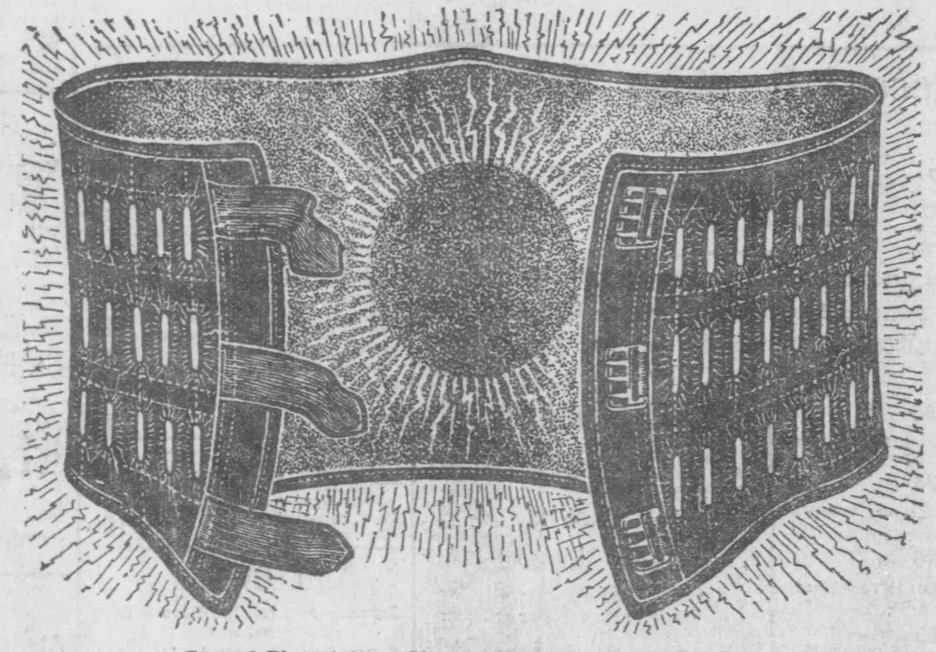

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ADDRESS **PROF. J. S. BEECH,** Dept. 8, No. 40 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Central Pacific Railway company will be held on Tuesday, April 1st, A. D. 1902, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the office of said company, No. 125 South Main street, over Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of electing a board of nine directors for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

ISAAC L. REQUA,
President Central Pacific Railway Company.
J. L. WILLCUTT,
Secretary Central Pacific Railway Company.
Date of first publication, March 19th, 1902.

April 1, 1902, stockholders duly met and the meeting duly adjourned to meet again April 15, at the same hour and same place.
JOHNATHAN C. ROYLE, Chairman.
DAVID B. HEMPSTEAD, Secretary.

April 15, 1902, stockholders duly met and the meeting duly adjourned to meet again April 29, at the same hour and same place.
JONATHAN C. ROYLE, Chairman.
DAVID B. HEMPSTEAD, Secretary.

April 29, 1902, stockholders duly met and the meeting duly adjourned to meet again May 13, at the same hour and same place.
JONATHAN C. ROYLE, Chairman.
DAVID B. HEMPSTEAD, Secretary.

May 13, 1902, stockholders duly met and the meeting duly adjourned to meet again May 27, at the same hour and same place.
JONATHAN C. ROYLE, Chairman.
DAVID B. HEMPSTEAD, Secretary.

May 27, 1902, stockholders duly met and the meeting duly adjourned to meet again June 10, at the same place.
JONATHAN C. ROYLE, Chairman.
DAVID B. HEMPSTEAD, Secretary.

Notice of Assessment.

LITTLE CHIEF MINING & MILLING company. Principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of mines, Tintic mining district, Juab county, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of the Little Chief Mining & Milling company, held on the 14th day of May, 1902, an assessment of one (1) cent per share (being assessment No. 12) was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding, payable immediately to Joseph Oberndorfer, secretary of the company, at his office, No. 161 South Main street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 19th day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on the 7th day of July, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOSEPH OBERNDORFER.
Secretary, No. 161 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Utah Railway company will be held at the office of the company, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Wednesday, the eleventh day of June, 1902, at ten o'clock a. m.

The meeting will be held for the election of seven directors of the company to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

G. W. VALLERY, Secretary.
Denver, Colo., May 15, 1902.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS.

Contract For County Supplies, Books, Blanks, Stationery, Etc.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAW, section 527 of the revised statutes of Utah, 1898, notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the county auditor of Salt Lake county at his office, room 54, city and county building, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake county, state of Utah, up to and including Tuesday, July 1, 1902, for the furnishing of supplies of books, blanks and stationery, etc., as required from time to time for the use of Salt Lake county, Utah, during the year ending June 30, 1903.

All supplies to be furnished as called for and demanded by said county, and a bond for the faithful performance of any such contract as may be entered into must be given by the party agreeing to furnish such supplies in such sum as the board of county commissioners of Salt Lake county may determine. The said county reserves the right to reject any and all bids or any part thereof. For more detailed information application may be made to the county auditor of Salt Lake county at his office, where a list of the character and probable quantity of supplies to be furnished may be seen by each bidder.

GEORGE H. WOOD,
County Auditor.
Dated June 5, 1902, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Assessment Notice No. 23.

THE TETRO MINING COMPANY OF Tintic. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, state of Utah. Location of mine and works, Tintic mining district, Juab county, state of Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors of said company, held on the 31st day of May, 1902, assessment No. 23 of one (1) cent per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, 617 McCornick block, Salt Lake City, state of Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Monday, the 30th day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 26th day of July, 1902, at 1 o'clock p. m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale. By order of the board of directors.

ERNEST WILLIAMS, Secretary.
Salt Lake City, Utah, May 31, 1902.

ASSESSMENT NO. 1.

THE MADELEINE MINING COMpany. Office and principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors held on the 6th day of May, 1902, an assessment of one-fourth of one cent (¼) per share was levied on the outstanding capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before Monday, June 9, 1902, to E. L. Sloan, treasurer, at 607 McCornick building, corner First South and East Temple streets, Salt Lake City, Utah. Any stock upon which the assessment may remain unpaid on June 9, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, so many of the shares represented by each certificate of the stock so delinquent, as may be necessary, will be sold on Monday, the 30th day of June, 1902, at 607 McCornick building, Salt Lake City, Utah, at the hour of 12:15 p. m., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

Office hours 12 m. to 1 p. m. daily except Sunday.

A. J. WEBER, Secretary.
By order of the board of directors.
Salt Lake City, Utah, May 7, 1902.

Stockholders' Meeting.

COMSTOCK SILVER MINING COMpany. Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Comstock Silver Mining company will be held at the company's office, 216 Dooly block, Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 13th day of June, 1902, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

JOSEPH M. COHEN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Board of Directors of the Utah Sugar Company has this day declared a dividend (No. 27) of 3 per cent on the capital stock of the company, payable June 30th, 1902, to stockholders of record on June 23d, 1902; the stock transfer books of the company will close at 5 p. m. June 23d, 1902, and will be reopened on July 1st, 1902, at 10 a. m.

H. G. WHITNEY, Secretary and Treasurer.
Salt Lake City, Utah, June 4th, 1902.

M. S. Ascheim Mercantile Company.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIrectors, notice is hereby given that a special meeting of stockholders of the above company is hereby called to meet at this company's office in Park City, Utah, on June 28th, 1902, at 11 a. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors and officers of the company and for the purpose of transacting such other business as may be proper.

Dated May 23, 1902.

CHARLES L. ROOD, As President.